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Evening.

AS the gentle shades of even
Gather o'er this world of care,
And the breezes from their haven
Refresh the dry and sultry air;

From the rose faint perfume rises,
And the peep of sleeping birds;
And from yonder copse, where grazes,
Drowsily the lowing herds;

And from out the western crimson,
With its fancied rose-strewn crest,
Comes that messenger so welcome,
Come the tidings of sweet rest.

These are blessings sent from heaven,
Sweetest tidings, good and fair;
But no blessings has God given
Sweeter than the hour of prayer.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.



Originality.

LOOKING over the list of authors whose works have withstood the storms of time and the wasting hand of criticism, we perceive in them certain characteristic qualities which have singled them out from the host of their contemporaries and have won for them a lasting hold on the affections of the people. In the one we attribute this charm to beauty of style, in another to brilliancy of imagination; in Shakespeare we call it truthfulness to nature, in De Quincey or Newman the unrivaled gorgeousness and elaborate perfection of their periods. To each we assign a particular quality, as though it were his own alone; each of them, as our trend of thought naturally implies, attained the same end, but by different and often quite opposite means.

A closer consideration, however, leads us to condense, and one word seems to amply express the opinion and judgment we have formed. If Shakespeare understood human nature so thoroughly, if De Quincey and Newman marshalled their words so brilliantly and elaborately, and if each possessed these characteristic qualities in such a manner that through them they attained literary fame and imperishable renown, it is but just to say that they possessed these qualities in a degree superior to any of their predecessors, and that their works reflect them so truthfully that they well deserve the distinction of being first and foremost in their respective fields of literary achievement. Originality, then, that most precious gem in the artist's crown of glory, that noblest and highest quality of style, is the key to the situation. Originality is the distinctive mark of genius; that author who is original, and he alone, finds a place among the ranks of those destined for all nations and for all times.

But what is originality? If the old adage 'nihil novi sub

luna' contains any truth, if authors — and here we wish to include our own humble selves — find great difficulty in selecting subjects which have not been written to death and which have not the dust of ages clinging to their skirts, then how can we possibly attribute to any author the enviable distinction of being original? Have not the same passions and emotions fired the fancy of every poet from Homer to Tennyson? Did not the 'ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO' of Virgil designate the path which every epic poet has followed? What then is the meaning of originality in the sense in which it is applied to the creators of literature?

Every author of note possesses a personality, and this finds a reflection in his works. The stronger this personality, the more marked and decisive it is, the deeper the impression will be which it makes on his productions. When this personality is so vigorous that it characterizes and permeates every work of an author, imparting to his productions the living soul and vital touch in a way particularly his own, we call that author original. Considered in this light, a twofold distinction can be made, viz., originality of conception, and originality of expression.

Originality of conception is by far the rarer of the two, and perhaps on that account more esteemed and appreciated. Few writers are gifted with that 'faculty divine' of seeing things from all sides, with true magnanimity, in its real etymological sense; and still fewer are able to create a literary world of true and original conception. To Shakespeare alone is this distinction accredited, and that in spite of the fact that few, if any, of his plots were invented by his own imagination. He took the 'ground idea' of his plays from history or Italian romances, yet who would ever link Hamlet or Macbeth with Holinshed, or The Merchant of Venice with the Italian chronicler? And why not? Because it was the master genius of Shakespeare which infused into them color and life, and stamped them with the seal of personality.

Byron laughed at the idea of originality in its rigid and unmodified meaning, and like Emerson, considered thought

the property of him who can best entertain it and most adequately express it. Coleridge found inspiration and the germinal idea of the 'Ancient Mariner' in a passage from Shelrocke, still, no one ever accused him of plagiarism, for who but Coleridge realized the poetical value of that passage; who but he saw beneath that rugged exterior a gem so beautiful and precious? As a rule, the most the modern author can do is to view a subject in a merely different aspect, and exercise a vitalizing influence over the material he has at hand.

But as to expression, the writer finds no obstacles to originality; no towing-ropes hold him bound fast to the shores of the past. In this respect he enjoys perfect and unincumbered freedom. All the melody, sweetness, and beauty of the language is at his command, if he but has the power of expression.

The literary author is like a busy bee. From early morn till sunset, the diligent creature flies about gathering the sweet and luscious juice from the fragrant flowers, but this is not honey,—the bee must MAKE that itself. Only after it has imparted its own nature to the nectar is the pure and delicious honey formed. And so with the author. Everything is at his disposal; the wisdom and learning of centuries lies at his door, but he must assimilate it and vindicate his right to it by the impress of personality.

If such a broad field lies open to the cultivation of the literary artist, why have so few attained lasting renown or immortality. Many who stood forth as the ornament and wonder of their age have long since disappeared and left but the shadow of their greatness or perhaps the empty sound of a once glorious name. And why this strange metamorphosis? Because they were unable to originate, and lacking originality they merely fell in with the ranks of those men of talent whose glory and fame shine brightly for a short time, but soon fade away.

The field of literature is, indeed, much like a flower-garden. Here is the blushing rose, there the sweet-smelling crysanthemums, arrayed in all their beauty and fragrance;

in one bed blooms the lovely tube-rose, in another the snowy lily. These are the flowers which immediately attract our attention, because they possess beauties which the others lack. Not on the fragrant bed of mosses and pinks and pansies does our admiration centre, but on those clusters of bleeding roses and pure white lilies. They far surpass in beauty and charm their humbler sisters, because their fragrance and color is of a special kind; they form a class for themselves.

And so it is with the creators of literature. Their merit is determined by the atmosphere of personality which envelops their works, even though their mistakes be glaring and numerous. Such an author is Poe, that man "whose remarkable genius," as Lowell says, "it were folly to deny." And for similar reasons are Lamb, Scott, Thackeray and Carlyle awarded an eminent station in the temple of literary fame. They have given to their works an impression which will never fade; they stand forth individually as a class for themselves, far above the host of minor lights surrounding them, and this because the stamp of originality is deeply and indelibly impressed on their productions.

It is mainly owing to the lack of this decided personality, the absence of this personal touch and originality, that accounts for the short-lived name of so many authors. Genuine feeling and adequate expression are close relatives, and will admit of no intrusion between them. That which has not been strongly felt and vividly realized, cannot be strongly expressed, and without adequate and appropriate impression expression is impossible. Hence the superficial author roves in eloquent commonplaces and time-worn metaphors. Such a one will never keep above the flood, but sooner or later will sink into the waters of oblivion, precisely because originality is wanting in his productions. He lacks that prime quality of impressing upon his works the stamp which distinguishes the product of his genius from that of any other brain, and hence his works cannot evoke the interest and sympathy of his readers.

BERNARD J. CONDON, '08.

By Telegraphy.

IN a small room of a tenement house in one of our large cities — an oft described scene — a woman was sitting by the fire. At the first glance we see that she is one of those women that make us feel purer and nobler by their association. Most sparingly but very tastily was the small room furnished. The bare monotony of the walls was relieved by a few cheap but appropriate prints. Mrs. Collins was neatly dressed, and her hands were smooth and soft — a rare thing indeed in a working community. But Tom, her boy, would not let her work. Big, manly Tom, though he was only seventeen years old, was a messenger boy in the R. R. yards, receiving a small salary “just enough,” as he laughingly put it, “for you and me, Mom, without your working. And you’ll never do that while I’m alive,” “he would add, even if we did lose all that money.” For Tom’s father had been induced to buy some worthless mining shares, investing all his money. And then his mother would say: “But, Tom, I wish you would work some other place than the yards;” for the memory of the boy’s father would come to her, and she would again see his face as she saw it that last time when they brought his torn and mangled remains to her — killed while on inspection work.

She was waiting now for Tom, and her face brightened as she heard his hurrying steps on the stairs, and presently the boy burst into the room, and greeting his mother with a boyish “Hello, Mom!” sat down and talked. Just talked! You could tell there was a boy there. “Well, Mom, what have you been doing to-day? Corporal works of mercy? Been to see Mrs. Casey again, I’ll bet. How is she to-day? Say, but I’m hungry! Chicken! O glory! Mom, where did you get it?

Christmas present from the grocer! Good for him!" And so he kept on, hardly giving his mother a chance to put in a word. "To-morrow's Christmas, and I'm going to bring a lot of stuff home with me; pay-day, you know. I'm going down again to-night. Extra work! You won't be very lonesome, will you, Mom?" And Tom was off and through the door, hardly hearing the expected reply, "Yes, but be careful, Tom" of his mother!

Rolling up his collar and putting on a warm pair of mittens he hurried on. He had no overcoat, but what mattered that to a sturdy, whistling youth of seventeen? All night, back and forth, he sped over the tracks, carrying messages and calling the men to their engines until two o'clock, when he took a short rest. He stood outside the office window, enjoying the crisp night air, and gazing at the dark blue sky with its bits of gold here and there and almost imagining that the tick-tick which now and then broke drowsily upon his ears was sending messages to these silent realms. But gradually other sounds not in harmony with the telegraph came to his ear, already trained to give and receive messages. —In fact, he was only awaiting an appointment in the city to take up the duties of a telegrapher. —It was the tap-tap of a cane on the stone pavement. He looked around and saw two men seated on a near-by bench. The tapping continued, and as Tom caught the letters he saw one of the men was absent-mindedly tapping his thoughts on the sidewalk, in telegraphic fashion. The idea was exceedingly novel, and amused Tom until he looked closer and saw the man was Wilkins, recently discharged. Then Tom set himself to catch the message. "The special will be wrecked, wrecked; — Special will be wrecked," it sang over and over, till Tom could almost hear the words spoken. The Special? surely not the City Council's car? Perhaps the man was not in earnest. But it was no joking matter. He took another glance at the men, but their general appearance confirmed his fears. He was about to rush into the office, when the thought of the ridicule and possible loss of position which would be his if he were mistaken, held him back. But, no! Too many lives

depended on it and he sped into the room. "Telegraph Emerald and hold the Special" he shouted to the chief. A new power of command possessed him, and as the man turned to question him he fairly yelled, "Hold the Special," and the operator turned and sent the message. "Just in time, boy," he said as he received the O. K. "Now, what on earth is the matter?" The chief laughed when he heard the story and said: "You will likely be on the carpet for this; but since 'tis done, we might send out a crew to see if the track is clear." He soon rejoined Tom and they went out on the platform. The two men seeing they were watched, slowly and seemingly carelessly, arose to go. "Why, that's Wilkins, discharged for general 'shadiness' by the Co., and Johnson with him. You may be right, boy. Johnson has a grudge against the council for knocking his gas franchise, and as he lost most of his cash at this particular time he lays it to the council. Arrest them? No, they can't leave town tonight." A messenger from the crew then returned to the office to speak to the chief. "What! the rails of the bridge turned to slide the train into the river! Tom, its the lucky fellow you are, my boy!" And three hours later when the belated train pulled in he was the hero of the hour. The two men had already been arrested, and Johnson soon confessed, implicating six or seven others, tools of his money. Tom was required to identify them and was not allowed to go home.

It was eight o'clock, and every minute his mother's anxiety increased. Standing at the window she saw a number of men drawing near, but paid no attention to them till she heard a knock on the door. At this she turned pale, and a tremor passed through her frame. Once before they had come like this to tell her of her husband's death. "Lord, thy will be done," she whispered as she opened the door.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Collins, your son is well and here," the spokesman said, and not noticing her fervent "Thank God" went on: "We only came to thank you for what he did to-day, and to say that we will send a Christmas present to him before the day is over." Tom then appeared, as happy and excited as his mother, and clasped her in his arms.

"Why, Mom, don't you know the Mayor? and these other gentlemen are some of the Council," he exclaimed.

"Ar'nt you going to come in, though poor enough it is."

"No, we can't come in, but, Tom, you will hear from us later. Merry Christmas!"

Tom then told the story to his bewildered mother, and her pride in Tom grew in proportion as the story progressed. Toward evening a Special Delivery letter came to Tom with an appointment in the telegraph office at double the salary he could have expected.

"No more messenger work for me, mother, he said, as he told her the news."

The next day he entered upon his new duties and his rise was rapid, for natural aptitude backed by faithful service and God's blessing can almost work miracles, even in this cold commercial world.

CHARLES PFEFFER, '09.



Foot-Ball.

THOUGH nature has given me a sour disposition I always try to look to the sunny side of the matter, and the effect is that I involuntarily attempt to treat in a sunny way a subject which in fact is most sour to me. Thus, to-day I am led to treat of foot-ball, a sport for which I care little. Yet will I only look to the sunny side of the game and pass over all those disasters which are usually cured by a little rub of good liniment.

However, amusing it is to watch the boys practising on the field. It just simply tickles the ear to hear those sweet little noises: "Now, there, Squirley, kick us a high one." "Don't let that Otto Muehlenbrink get the ball!" "Now, Joe Ganz, I'd jump out of the window for a nice one." "Ah, kick us a drop." Then do we imagine to hear the poor old foot-ball groan: "Now, Grimme, quit your kicking me!"

But this is only practice; the real game, however, is the finest song and dance ever rendered. Solemnly and with sour and severe mien does the manager strut hither and thither in the field and call the game to order with a sense of authority that the emperor of Russia could not possess. The players examine their insurance policies and then prepare for whatever disaster may come upon them. A can of liniment is ever ready in case of accident, and the pick and shovel are close at hand in case death should tackle some honored sport. The players however, are brave indeed and seem not to have as much feeling in their bones as a rubber doll. But the toughest thing in this world is the foot-ball itself, for besides all the kicking it gets there is also the terrible burden it must bear of players weighing each from two to three hundred pounds, piled up on it in a mound as high as great Olympus. But every one knows that both among men and materials the softest stuff is likewise the toughest.

If I were to define fool-ball I would say: "Foot-ball is a constant kicking." The player receives as much kicking as the ball, and the kicking that is done at intervals in the game helps to establish the definition. As to the player, I would declare him a hero, well-nigh a saint, and though the moralist and doctor declare that humanity is steadily becoming more effeminate, I steadfastly hold that we are as tough as ever, at least the foot-ball player is.

But to return to the game. To behold it is a pleasure, to play it is a privilege, but to win it is a joy, a distinction, a crown. To win a game at a score of 62—0, why, that seems to be heaven on earth.

As to kicking, have you ever put your ear to the key-hole of the hall-door, while the foot-ball team had a meeting? If so, you were certainly led to doubt whether it was a meeting of the team or a real Rugby game that was in progress. In short, the foot-ball player is a kicker, and a kicker wherever he may be. Some players may consider my statement as a compliment, others as an insult, but let me state that he who considers it an insult is no foot-ball player, at least not to his own honest conviction.

How foot-ball is beneficial to life I will let the player himself explain. Let him consider it his duty to show how it develops the muscles and strengthens the body, but let me state how it is beneficial to the lungs. For, though the aim of the game may be kicking, its chief feature is yelling, and whilst it is intended to exercise the legs, it rather exercises the lungs; however, it is better far to have weak legs than to be a consumptive. But foot-ball also exercises the body, as is seen from the fact that a professional foot-ball player weighing less than two hundred and fifty pounds is a rarity worthy to be placed in a museum. Part of this bulk may be swelling raised by kicks, but the weight is just the same, and it is therefore legitimate matter for boasting. Finally foot-ball is considered as the only thing by the player, and in order to avoid a debate we will fully agree with him.

A. RITZENTHALER, '08.

The Poet's Song.

“I will write a song tonight,
A song that shall never die.”

So said the poet in his might,
As inspiration lit his eye.
And his genius rose up in him,
And his heart was with his pen,
While he wrote a glorious hymn
Of the glorious deeds of men.

He told in his epic song
Of storm and the sea and the wind,
Of gloom, with no glimpse of song
And no pity for his kind.
He wrote of the battle-ground,
Its heroes dark and brave,
With some laid in their last sad mound
Far away from sacred nave.

He gave the song to mankind,
And its might bewildered all;
They thought of his powerful mind,
But no soul answered its call.
And the author wondered why
The poem called not to men;
And he saw that soon 'twould die,
So he took up his pen again.

His genius awoke once more,
Once again he felt inspired,
But not from the world's uproar,
And not from the world's admired.

But again he wrote of man ;
Of honor and truth and love,
And from his pen there joyful ran
A prayer to Him above.

Then he gave the song to men,
They read and were enthralled ;
And they read and read again,
For to higher things it called.
And their hearts now beat with him,
For they saw the writer's hand
By One Supreme had guided been
To bring peace to all the land.

C. W. PFEFFER, '09.



The City of a Hundred Steeples.

SEVERAL years ago I had the good fortune to have my temporary domicile as a student at Prague, an ancient and famous seat of learning. I did not rob the Bohemian capital of a large amount of learning upon leaving it, but the recollections of that city still linger so fondly in my memory that I think to pay part of my debt by acquainting you with a few of its many curious and interesting things.

Prague has ever been of great importance to the statesman, artist, scholar and historian, especially to the last named. Though many of the historical personages were born or moved within its walls, almost every step of theirs is recorded. With this city is connected every great crisis and turbulent period of Europe. For centuries nations have thronged Prague as a metropolitan city, not only with hostile weapons, but also in the pursuit of peaceful enterprises. It is a curious fact, that, though it has sheltered people of all countries, it is comparatively little known. But to come to the point.

Among the fifty-five Catholic churches, fifteen monasteries, three Protestant churches and ten synagogues, there is no edifice in Prague that equals either in importance or historical interest the St. Vitus cathedral. Itself a historical monument, it shelters also numerous relics and antiquities, and forms the nucleus of as many more. The St. Vitus cathedral dates back to king St. Wenzel (936). Since that time rulers have enlarged and reconstructed what wars and vandalism left intact. Entering the magnificent pile of Gothic structure there are to be found "relics of times utterly gone by, of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity." There is the square of judgment. Here the innocence or guilt of unhappy beings was tested by hot iron balls put into their hands. Several of these iron balls and a kind of lamp or stove for the heating of them still remind one of this ancient custom. A cannon ball suspended above a broken iron railing surrounding an altar tells of the bombardment of the cathedral by the Prussians in 1757, under Frederick II. After the bombardment there were found in the interior alone 770 cannon balls. Suggesting thoughts along this line are the warlike effigies lying on the tombs of the kings and emperors, of whom seven rest there, as also St. Ludmilla, who reared her grandson, St. Wenzel. Held suspended over an aisle by four angels we behold the silver sarcophagus of St. John Nepomuk. The tongue of the saint, miraculously preserved, is kept enclosed in a monstrance. It has still the color of a living tongue. Of the numerous other objects of interest in the St. Vitus cathedral I will mention but one more, the chapel of its founder. The entrance to it resembles that of the church before which St. Wenzel was killed. The ring, on which he held himself as he succumbed to the thrust of the spear, has been put on the door leading to this chapel. Entering it we are amazed to find the walls glittering with precious stones, a tribute of his country. Beneath the altar rest the sacred remains of the king, and in the rear may be seen his complete armor. What a sensation when brought in contact with persons and things of a thousand years ago.

Separated from the cathedral only by a street is the prison cell of St. John Nepomuk. It is so small that one can neither stand nor lie in it. A small window admits a dim light upon the statue of the kneeling priest.

Of great fame is the bridge called after its founder, king Charles IV. Adorned with eighteen statues in life size, it is known for several facts. From this bridge the "confessor of the queen" was cast into the river, as is attested by a brass plate in the stone railing and a large statue nearby. At another part of the bridge is a crucifix all gilded, and above the head in Hebrew the words: "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth." I was told that a Jew once publicly spat upon the crucifix and was for this act of irreverence sentenced by the jury to have it gilded and the words put there. This bridge also witnessed the famous battle of the student corps. On the left bank of the Moldau the Swedes had for some time occupied a fortified suburb of the capital, and from July 21, 1648, to Oct. 31, they bombarded the main city of Prague. 12 587 shots, it is claimed, were heard during these seventy days. Not being able to achieve anything by this kind of warfare, they attempted a dash across the bridge; for if they but succeeded in this attempt the city was theirs. But now the students could no longer remain in their hiding place. They poured forth from the bridge tower and fought with such enthusiasm that the enemy with many a bloody face and great loss retreated and evacuated the suburb. The memory of this heroic battle is still kept alive by the statue of a hero student and a large fresco on the nearest building. It depicts the students in the hottest action, the scale slightly turning in their favor.

Standing on this bridge one can experience a most sublime feeling. Precisely at twelve o'clock there comes rolling along the the banks of the river, reverberating on the watery plane, the sound of cannon, announcing the hour of midday. Immediately he hears from either side of the river the mighty voices of the many church bells harmoniously uniting upon the placid water, pealing out the Angelus. On they roll, like waves, into the meadows, to gladden the soli-

tary log-floater, peasant, or shepherd.

Entering the church of St. Mary of Victory we find that one of the side altars is resplendent with burning candles. Here is enthroned the original statue of the Infant Jesus of Prague, of which copies may be found all over the world. This statue, made of wax, is about nineteen inches high. Twenty of its many rich dresses or mantles are votive offerings, which are changed to accord with the color of the feast or season of the Church. The Infant Jesus of Prague was brought to Bohemia in the sixteenth century by a Spanish princess, in whose family the statue had been treasured highly as an heirloom of miraculous power. Her daughter donated it to the Carmelites, and from that time innumerable miracles are the result of the devotion to it.

Of great interest is the house of Loretto. It is a true replica of the one in which the Holy Family lived, of which all the features are reproduced as closely as the skill of the artist permitted.

Once the fort Wyschehrad, situated just outside the city on the right bank of the Moldau, claimed much attention. For many years the dukes resided there, and until the country round about became christianized it was the seat of the heathen cult. The Wyschehrad and the Hradschin with the imperial palaces and the cathedral lying at equal height with the White Mountains, command the whole view of the city.

Among the many palaces of Prague that of Duke Wallenstein, or Waldstein, is the most imposing. For its erection Wallenstein invited the best artists and architects from Germany, Italy and the Netherlands. The homes of many rich families cannot compare with the splendor of his stables. Everything is of marble, and even the troughs of the horses are of the same material. The hayracks are of polished steel, and each horse has an extra water basin. The splendor and comfort of his own apartments is beyond description. The guide called my attention to a wall and asked me whether I could see a door in it. I thought he was jesting, for I could not see the least sign of a door, and said: "No, there is none." But he soon opened one and let me take a

look into a dark vault, through which escape is made easy in time of danger. The bathroom represents a cave of stalactite or filtering stone. Among the many oddities of Wallenstein are preserved his seamless boots; the ruffled collar he wore when murdered; his gun and bayonet, almost again as long and cumbersome as those used to-day, and a model of his fine saddle horse; furthermore, a large collection of his banners and weapons and those taken by him in battle. Wallenstein himself knew not the extent of his own riches, but his yearly income is estimated to have been from four to five million dollars.

Prague owes its rapid growth chiefly to its university, founded 1348, and to the Jewish element. The Jews have ever had in their hands the most important trade and business affairs of the city. The old Jewish ghetto is very typical. Hardly a wagon can pass through its narrow streets. The houses are very small, the average height of a story is about six feet and a half. In old records we find that at one time two and three families lived in one room, not a very large one at that. The synagogue, built in the twelfth century, the old courthouse and the cemetery are still preserved. The clock-tower, added later to the courthouse, is remarkable for the Hebrew dial, with the hands turning backward. One could spend days in the cemetery in which there are hundreds of tombstones with peculiar inscriptions.

It is impossible to mention within the compass of a short article all the curiosities and things of interest and historical significance. Wherever you turn you find some object around which clusters the tale of some historic personage or incident, and if you would go into the museums and convents, you would find many more. What there is of buildings and public works and improvements of more recent date bespeaks the good taste and wealth of the inhabitants.

To any one who contemplates a tour to the European continent I would recommend a visit to the ancient and interesting city of Prague.

ALBERT C. SCHERRIEB, '08.

Revery.

ONE day near my study window,
As I mused on nature dead,
And watched the beautiful snow-flakes
Pattering down from overhead,
My thoughts wandered off to the Christ-Child
And His wonderful life here on earth;
To His mission so fruitful and lasting,
To the day of his peace-bearing birth.
I heard the angel choirs singing
Their lays o'er the snow-crested hill,
And the one song remaining forever,
Peace on earth to men of good will.

JOSEPH M. BOLAND, '08.



Christmas Carol.

TONIGHT a star gleams bright afar,
There's a whisper on the deep;
The midnight hies, and the soft light flies
Where the hallowed vigils keep.
The soft air steals, and oft there peals,
With a low and silvery ring,
In true accord unto the Lord,
The song that the angels sing:
"All hail the King! All hail the King!
Let us greet the happy morn.
Rejoice, O man! Rejoice, O man!
For tonight the Savior's born."

LEO FAUROT, '10.

Encouragement.

LIFE'S path is strewn with obstacles that are continually on the lurk to check the progress of man. They are our most desperate enemies, frequently attacking us with the most destructive weapons, robbing us of the fruits of diligence and perseverance, destroying our well formed foundation, and leaving us, if no aid can be gotten, in a most deplorable condition. Many have been wrecked through these adverse influences. Even men of experience, who have learned to watch and guard against them, find themselves at times completely helpless. These obstacles come in every man's way. The vigorous, the bold, the saintly and the mortified; none can pass through the avenues of life without being attacked by them. They are the cause of man's failure in most cases. How often do we not hear men say, that had they continued the work they had once begun, they would have met with success. It was not lack of means or qualification for the desired position, that obliged them to desist, but lack of encouragement.

Encouragement rightly given and applied at the proper time becomes a wonderful help for the struggling individual. It invigorates and enlightens the heart and mind of the recipient. Energy and enthusiasm are raised to their highest pitch. The task which seemed too difficult now becomes easy and delightful and will be pursued with greater confidence than before.

In the bloody battle of Hastings, when the army of William of Normandy was thrown into confusion by the enemy, and the rumor spread among the troops that their valiant leader had fallen, the men began to waver. But when the duke riding along the line, exclaimed, "I am still alive, and with the help of God I shall gain the victory," the battle assumed a different aspect. The heroic appearance of the leader and his words of encouragement revived the spirit of his warriors, who soon after turned the battle in his favor.

All persons are more or less inclined to waver at certain critical periods of life. The obstacles may seem insurmountable and the goal too far in the distance. At such a time a little encouragement, judiciously given, will turn the tide so that it "leads on to fortune." I once listened to the sad story of a venerable old man who had all the endowments of an artist. Already in his youth he had given evidence of his artistic abilities. But like many others he became discouraged in the course of his studies because of lack of means and discontinued them. Restlessness and discontentment seized him and clung to him the remainder of his life. Had he been encouraged, as he maintained, he would have become an artist. "But now," he says, "I am old and feeble; no work and no money, whereas my friends who were urged on by kindly appreciation, are contented and happy."

But why do people not give encouragement, not even so much as by look and word? Is it perhaps through lack of feeling, sympathy or love; or are they so deeply wrapped up in their own selfishness that they take no notice of others? Is it lack of ability to appreciate the difficulties of another's situation; are they incapable of what in German is called "Mitgefuehl?" This would not be very complimentary to them, neither as Christians nor as gentlemen.

All men need encouragement, as the plants need sunshine and dew. Especially men pursuing the higher vocations in life, where activity of mind and soul are required. Are gentle words not more potent to stimulate a race-horse to put forth its best efforts than blows? And so it is with man. "Praise to some people at certain stages of their career is more developing than blame." Why then, withhold it? What is there more worthy of man than to give encouragement to his brother, blessing, as it does "both him that gives and him that takes." Like a cool, refreshing spring in the heat of a summer day, the cheering words of a friend are to a wearied traveller on life's highway, enabling him to pursue his course with renewed hope and vigor.

LINUS HILDEBRAND, '09.

Oklahoma.

LO, from out the pale of the West,
The rocky trails of the rancher's land,
Teeming with nobles of the Indian band,
Where lingering sunrays lovingly rest,
A simple-robed, young Indian maiden,
To the joy of her people has plighted
Her troth to the dominion of states united,
And given her dowry so richly laden.
To her of the Indian sheath so handsome,
Whose beauty by far excels her name,
The East and the West, all proudly proclaim
Now and forever a joyous welcome.

RAPHAEL F. DONNELLY, '08.



Remorse.

(With apologies to De Quincey.)*

REMORSE? Yes, that is his name. Why, you surely know him; everybody else knows him.

What child but has seen him at some time or another. You remember, when, as a feverish lad, you threw down your sister's doll, it was he who taught you to quietly replace the broken head to its proper place in the cradle. Oh, then you remember he told you it would be made all right if you would give your toy engine and whole train of cars in restitution for the damage done. Sister was delighted and did not cry long, did she?

* It has been observed that everything great is susceptible of imitation, having a certain strain of extravagance of manner, which if divorced from the subject becomes ludicrous. It is, therefore, not to the discredit of Shakespeare and other great men, including De Quincey, that they lend themselves to imitation and parody. —Editor.

I am sure you have not forgotten Andrew's miniature boot? What a desirable little thing it was, as you watched him standing it on every imaginable place on the desk at school. Do you remember where he put it at recess? Oh, how delighted the baby was when you brought it to him in the evening! But—but; well anyhow, the baby was so careless; he had no business to let it fall. After all, the boot was not as pretty as you had thought. How dreadful the thought of going to school the next day. But you must, for Remorse says you shall. Andrew? Why he was a perfect gentleman. You know he said he had not even missed it, and thought you should have left it with the baby. It was generally known that Andrew was a lover of apples, but he did not seem to care much that morning. You remember he smiled and thanked you, and quite thoughtfully returned the larger half? Andrew, thou art a gentleman forever!

It is a peculiar trait of the turkey to have a disgust for red. Well, that is the reason why the old gobbler hated your big red rooster; but he was so much the larger that you naturally sympathized with the weak. Perhaps he would have killed the rooster if you had not met him at the corner of the smoke-house with a buggy-whip. Anyhow, mother said it was good enough for him that the rooster did spur him and knock him senseless. Still, I am sure, the rooster took to heart the scolding you gave him for being so 'ruff', as you held the cup of water and helped mother revive the gobbler, for he went off with his head hanging down. At any rate, the gobbler came around all right, and hostilities have not as yet been resumed. Then, too, mother seems to have known of Remorse, for she said it was right for you always to make things right when you had misrepresented them.

Oh, somewhere along the path of erring childhood sits Remorse in brooding silence. His steps are heard in forbidden groves and his voice is on the mocking wind. He stands beside the bedside in fantastic forms. When night and wakefulness bring his favorite hours he shakes the

growing limbs and counts your young heart's throbs.

Deep set with time, age feels his iron grasp. The flight to distant climes shakes not his close pursuit. The wailing cry of anguish is mocked by his echo from the hills of solitude. From the masked face of pleasure he turns in disgust. Remorse is cursed one minute and the next his very existence is denied. Heavy, oh, how heavy the heart that bears his hand. The sea and all the elements of destruction have been employed to rid man of his burden:—

Remorse, thou busy whispering tongue,
God's accents, falling like the dew;
Love, unrequited love, it speaks to you
And guides the erring steps of old and young.

LEO FAUROT, '10.



Christmas Memories.

CHRISTMAS is here with its pleasures and joys,
The best day in the year for the girls and the boys;
For the fathers and mothers it should be the same,
For on this day our Savior to all of us came.

And now while the children the Christmas hymns sing,
And the Mass bells peal out in a beautiful ring,
We think then of earth, of our friends, of our God,
Of the dear ones departed, laid under the sod.

These bells that ring on this great festal day
Rang one year ago in the very same way,
But some who were here then have gone from this earth,
And this Christmas day shall not join in our mirth.

So while we celebrate on our Savior's birthday,
For our loved ones departed, let each of us pray;
For some Christmas day we shall not on earth rejoice,
And we may wish for a prayer from some faithful voice.

W. A. HANLEY, '08.

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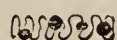
Raphael F. Donnelly, '08, Exchanges.	Leo Faurot, '10,	
Louis M. Nageleisen, '09, Societies.	Leo Spornhauer, '10,	Locals.
Joseph M. Boland, '08, Athletics.	Alb. Ritzenthaler, '08,	

Editorials.

THE COLLEGIAN and staff extends its best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the Reverend Fathers and Professors of the College, the Students, the Venerable Brothers and Sisters, and all its kind friends and readers. May the gladsome days of Yule-tide fill their hearts with joy and love, and the guiding star of the new-born Year shine brightly on their path, revealing choicest gifts and blessings for each and all.

HOW JOYFUL and loving is the spirit of Christmas time! There is nothing to be compared with it throughout the whole year. All distinctions and differences are brushed aside; enmities and petty quarrels are forgotten; the bond of friendship is strengthened and ennobled; mankind has become as one family. A hallowed atmosphere of goodness and love surrounds this sacred season, and the kingdom of kindness reigns supreme. The world of Christmas-day is a new and better world, for everything seems to reflect that spirit of heartfelt joy which the simple shepherds experienced so many years ago on the hill-tops of Bethlehem.

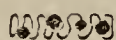
And little, indeed, should we wonder that the Savior's natal day stands forth so prominently. With his advent to this sinful world of ours, a new era of happiness and brotherly love was ushered in, and it is the reflection of this that beams in everyone's countenance on Christmas day. The words with which friend greets friend on this day give appropriate expression to this feeling, and Christmas, it seems, would lose half its charms were it robbed of this hallowed spirit of good will, which the happy Cherubs announced to men from on high.



THE SPIRIT of love and cheerfulness which accompanies Christmas finds a most appropriate manifestation in the 'Christmas Gift.' This praiseworthy custom of remembering our dear ones in this special manner bears a most fitting relation to the occasion, and undoubtedly dates back to early origin.

The inward affection we feel for a friend naturally seeks an outward expression, and this all the more so at Christmas time, when the very atmosphere of the time, so to speak, prompts us to show greater kindness and good will. Heart is not satisfied to speak to heart in its own silent but powerful language at this sacred time, and the exuberance of love and good feeling that wells up within engenders a desire of manifesting this devotion in some marked and appropriate

way. This the Christmas Gift well does. Young and old, poor and rich, desire to be remembered by some one at Christmas time; and be the present ever so small, it yet serves to remind them of the common bond that unites all men at this time. The world received its greatest blessing and most precious gift from the Father and Lover of all on Christmas day, a Savior and Redeemer; how then could we possibly show our love and devotion for our friends in a more befitting manner than by bestowing presents as an exterior token of our interior affection?



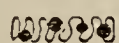
HOW SUBTLE and apparently insignificant are the real educational factors in life! If the learning acquired from books were the sum of all education and knowledge, man would soon become an automaton of dry theories and abstract idealism. But other qualities of the soul must be brought out, other than the mere exercise of memory, before one can lay claim to an education. The human heart is susceptible of the finest emotions and most tender feelings; a keen sense of sympathy prompts a well-bred man to respect the rights and sentiments of others and to share the sorrows and afflictions of his fellowmen; and only he who has cultivated this finer spirit of brotherly love and kindness towards one and all, and whose sympathies are open to the least among them, can consider himself the happy possessor of an education.

The man with a free and open heart, slow to suspect and easy to forgive, who can sympathize alike with friend and foe, and does so because he knows that all men have their faults and shortcomings, is a man of true education and culture. He has educated his heart and sympathies, and has made himself a gentleman, hence he knows how to respect the feelings of others. His education is the knowledge of books, enriched with the precious experience of life and sympathetic regard for others.

SUPERFICIALITY is the fault and bane of our age. Not only in the common walks of every-day life and action, but likewise in the most elevated and noble pursuits, we find inexactness and carelessness of detail; an outcome, no doubt, of the feverish haste which characterizes the present time and people.

This superficiality is brought about in many different ways. A person who continually has before his mind the obstacles that confront him, and his own incapability of mastering them, easily loses courage and then falls into superficiality. Every task demanded of him seems too onerous and tedious; but seeing no way of shirking it, he finally makes a feeble effort. But his work rests on no solid foundation; it is mere gloss and surface-work.

Some choose to be superficial because to be so is for them the easiest and most comfortable method. They are nature's drones, and believe in the conservation of their energy. Others, again, have not the energy, or perhaps the ability, to perform the task demanded of them, and with the best of will cannot avoid superficiality. They are superficial because they cannot be otherwise; they are not able to pierce the surface. It is only the hard, conscientious worker, the energetic student who digs and grubs until he arrives at the bottom, who will avoid superficiality. Cultivate clear thinking, avoid haste, be in earnest, and your work will not be superficial. 'Festina lente', the old Romans told their ambitious youth, and their wisdom can still teach the present generation.



MUCH UNFAVORABLE comment has been aroused by the action of President Roosevelt relative to the inscription on our coins. He has ordered that in future the United States money shall be minted without the inscription 'In God We Trust.'

It would indeed be rash for us to question the motives or sincerity of the President, but it strongly appeals to us that such a step was unnecessary and entirely uncalled for, and far from being a remedy for an existing evil, gives but

additional vantage ground to the very forces against which the blow was directed. The mere fact that jests and unbecoming remarks are often made concerning it on the part of some shallow-brained individuals, is no sufficient plea for doing away with the inscription. No statesman ever advised the abrogation of a law because it was transgressed. Hence we see no reason for removing these time-honored words from our coins. They did not find their way there by chance; prudence would, therefore, require due deliberation before erasing them. They serve a good and noble purpose, and point to the important fact that the thought of God and strict justice should influence men in a special manner in their financial transactions. We hope that prudent afterthought will suggest different ideas to the Chief Executive, and move him to recall the order.

Modern Literary Traits.

WHAT THE WRITER of this is almost tempted to call a new note in literature, may be found in Ellen Terry's "Memories," now appearing in McClure's. Nothing so perfectly charming has been written for a long time. They are as remarkable for ease and naturalness and freedom of style as for grace, vivacity and delicacy of thought and sentiment; in fact, there is such a blending of the two elements as to constitute an artistic whole, so that one is not able to say whether the charm is that of form or contents.

One cannot help comparing the style of this characteristically modern composition with that of former times. What an advance in naturalness and freedom over that of Pope and Dryden, even over that of Lamb and George Eliot. Not one of our authors, Shakespeare excepted, has such freedom. Some seem so bound by the rules of rhetoric that they cannot move freely; others again are posing, or at least trying to say their best in the best possible manner; not a few are positively formal, self-conscious, affected, Ciceronian, all of which is so unsuited to the nature and genius of the English language and people.

This advance—for an advance it surely is, since naturalness and freedom are marks of the highest art—is due no doubt to the modern spirit, which is the spirit of democracy and freedom, of natural dignity, rather than feigned conventionality.

Of course, these “Memories,” dealing with light matters, offer no exceptional difficulties to the writer, but even when real obstacles are encountered they are taken with ease. Her most valuable observations are made as lightly as if they were mere commonplaces. It would be interesting to know whether the author has the gift of expression to a high degree, or whether she is the finished artist in literature that she is on the stage.

This note of naturalness may also be discerned in Carl Schurz’s “Reminiscences,” running in the same magazine, but not to the same degree. There is not quite that free, easy, and intimate touch as in Ellen Terry.

Of a slightly more formal and exact cast, as befits the subject and purpose of the work, is the life-story of Mary G. Baker and history of Christian Science, by Georgine Milmine, also in McClure’s. Here, too, there is a delightful simplicity of expression, a justness and delicacy of perception, and a spirit of justice and charity that reflect great credit on the author. It is a difficult subject that is treated, but the writer handles it with as much ease as she does the English language.

Under the influence of these and similar articles one is inclined to affirm that women have now for the first time entered into literature. The feminine authors of former times wrote too much in imitation of men, or were themselves mannish, as, for instance, George Eliot, but those of the present day write as women; and if they confine themselves to subjects proper to them, there is no reason why they should not exert as agreeable, as helpful and elevating an influence in literature as they do in real life. At least, if they write only half as charmingly as Ellen Terry, they will disarm all prejudices.

“Unification of Our Educational System.”

THE December number of the COLLEGE SPOKESMAN, (St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, Iowa,) contains an editorial, entitled “Unification of our Educational System,” to which we give our hearty assent. It is plain to anyone who has given the matter any consideration that such unity is necessary to secure proper results and a desirable standard in Catholic education, and to prevent the attendance of Catholic students at secular institutions. Such a unification should be from the Grammar School upward, through High School, College, Seminary, to the University; but it should also work horizontally, that is, there should be an agreement between the different Colleges as to the entrance and graduation requirements. Unless there is a certain uniform standard, the results will be uncertain. Under the present system the College that has a short course is sought out by many students who think there is a “short cut to knowledge” or, at least, to the seminary; and a premium is put on haste and superficiality and other evils.

The SPOKESMAN hopes that such unification will be effected by the Catholic Educational Association. “Thus far,” it writes, “the conference has been restricted in its powers, and its function has been mainly one of friendly discussion. Now a growing sentiment among Catholic educators calls for greater discretionary power. Inquiry is fruitless unless it inspires action. Having made a study of the defects and merits of the Catholic school, and a comparison of its methods and results with those of the secular system, the conference is now prepared to act. A law-making and law-enforcing prerogative harmoniously agreed to by its members should be the next practical step in the development of its efficiency, a fact which was evidenced in the general spirit of the recent meeting.”

We would like to quote the editorial in its entirety, as it treats the subject very satisfactorily, but space forbids.

However, we wish to express the hope and desire that the Catholic Educational Association be given the power to unify our educational system, providing for uniform standards of examination, and perhaps also for uniform text-books, and that its rulings be made binding upon all. Of course, such unification would have to be done with the cooperation and the consent of the Ordinaries.

Exchanges.

FROM the banks of the Father of the Waters comes the regent of the month, THE FLEUR DE LIS. While reading the introductory poem "The Mississippi" our mind reverted to the virginal scenery which Pere Marquette viewed throughout his memorable voyage. This number has a plenitude of poetry. The rondeau — a rarity of verse — is beautifully exemplified in the "Mother of God." "The Ballade of Croquet and Foot-ball" also receives its share of admiration. The humorous contrast between these two games is well portrayed. The prose department, likewise, offers much that is interesting and meritorious. "The Iconoclast," a short story, is extremely novel and original; indeed, a radical departure from the 'common run' of affairs. The story being so breezy and brisk, our curiosity is provoked rather than appeased by its abrupt end. The merits of "A Mention of Advertisers" consists in the originality of its conception and the dexterity of execution. Turning another page, we read "Shakespeare's Difficulty in Opening Hamlet." The unity of the various sub-topical essays under this theme render it the best of the month's contributions.

We do not quite agree with the opinion of the exchange editor regarding the Local Department. Of course, as it is conducted by most journals it might as well be abolished. Such inanities as 'Rah, rah!' and other meaningless monosyllables do not look well in print; but a department that

contains genuine humor and college pleasantries is surely a desirable feature of a student paper. It should reflect the spirit of the students in their lighter and freer moods, and if such reflection is not creditable to them, so much the worse for the students. If the Local Department is well conducted, free from vulgarities and offensive personalities, there is none more popular with the readers, at least with a large portion of them.

Our old friend, THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN from the bustling metropolis of the lakes has renewed his acquaintance. Its poetical salutation "A Hallowe'en of Old" is brisk and pleasing. In regard to fiction the S. I. C. is very fortunate in reaping two such good stories as "The Man with the Iron Finger" and "Chums" for its fall harvest. Each contains the requisites of a good story, but the latter is more in accord with collegiate sentiments, and as such it impresses us more forcibly. The historical essay, "Father Marquette," briefly delineates the character of this pioneer missionary and his various journeys. On the whole, this number fully sustains the enviable literary reputation of former years.

One of the most faithful visitors of our sanctum, THE EXPONENT, again brought us his message from St. Mary's Institute. In "Plutarch's Lives" the writer shows a remarkable appreciation of this ethical biography. "The Tongue" is a mere homiletic, although ornated with beautiful diction. Whether it is deserving of a place in a collegiate paper is a debatable question. We think not. "Her First Appearance" is a well-written story, but the plot has not sufficient interest. The pictorial supplement to the poetry and local department of this month contributes in no mean degree toward the EXPONENT'S attractiveness.

It appears from the October number of THE ABBEY STUDENT that there is a literary panic among the students. Of the literary section of this magazine only three articles

were written by present-year students. But your standard quality remains; at least, the two essays display it. "Josephine," a historical essay, flows from a vigorous pen. The general tenor is true and sincere, but the individual statements are often too categorical. "Edgar Allen Poe" is a brief essay reflecting the sentiments of the present time regarding our own poet. 'Tout savoir est tout pardonner' is the principle by which to judge Poe. "Unconscious Similitude," the sole representative of fiction in this number, is crude and didactic. Let us have some first class contributions in your next number, which will prove that your literary panic was only temporary.

The initial number of Volume IV of THE MORNING STAR gives great promise. "When Jimmy Enlisted" is a choice piece of fiction, characterized by a natural and pleasing evolution of the plot. The pervading tone of sincerity gives a savory flavor to this little story. "One, Two, Three," the other short story, is well sustained. But it has, in common with the majority of our collegiate stories, a false ending; a forced termination instead of a natural close. "Ferrum Nocentius Auro" is a manly and forceful exposition of the theme. The bulwark of a college paper—the editorials—are appropriately and well written.

A journal of tone and quality, in form as well as contents, is the "Labarum," Mt. St. Joseph's College, Dubuque. It has an air of refinement, scholarship and high ideals, which reflect favorably on the institution, even though the journal is published with the cooperation of the Faculty and Alumnae. We reserve a more detailed review for a future issue.

Since last writing we have also received the following exchanges: ST. MARY'S SENTINEL, S. V. C. INDEX, ST. MARY'S COLLEGIAN, S. V. C. JOURNAL, THE YOUNG EAGLE, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, MT. ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN, THE LAUREL, ST. MARY'S MESSENGER, THE MOUNTAINEER,

THE INSTITUTE ECHOES, THE VIATORIAN, ST. JOHN'S RECORD, NIAGARA INDEX, THE AURORA, BLUE AND WHITE, THE PATRICIAN, THE COLUMBIAD, THE SCHOOLMAN, THE DIAL, THE NAZARENE, THE MANHATTAN QUARTERLY, THE AGNETIAN MONTHLY, and THE BEE HIVE, (Peoria, Ill.)

To one and all of the visitors of our sanctum, we wish "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year."



In the Library.

The Queen's Festivals, by a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Benziger Bros. Price \$.60.

"A good priest who has much to do with children and knows well what they need, looked through a little life of the Blessed Mother called 'Mary the Queen' and then said 'There should be more about the Queen's Festivals.' But as it happened that in the book no space was left for 'more about the Queen's Festivals, so the only thing to be done under circumstances was to give the Festivals a little book to themselves." In these few appropriate words of the author we are at once acquainted with the origin and aim of this welcome little volume. Aside from its particular charms of childlike simplicity and heartfelt piety, we cannot but admire the chain of interesting legends and anecdotes which the author so dexterously makes use of. Many of them are novel and very instructive, and hence serve as a very apt background upon which to sketch the origin and explanation of the many cherished feasts of our Blessed Mother.

The style is exceedingly simple and attractive, and the personal charm of the writer is impressed upon every legend and explanation. Eight full-page illustrations adorn the volume, which, together with its neat binding and intrinsic merit, render it a most desirable and instructive book for the young.

J. W. C. '08.

Round the World. Vol. III. Benziger Bros. Price \$0.85.

This is the third volume of a series of very interesting articles on a splendid variety of subjects. It contains in all one hundred and fourteen elegant illustrations, which contribute to make the book very attractive. Aside from the fact that it offers very interesting narratives and lively descriptions, the little volume affords also solid and serviceable instructions. The style is very pleasing and in harmony with the subject. We venture to say that it will meet with the highest expectations.

L. M. N., '09.

Little Folks Annual, Benziger Bros. Price 10 cents.

Again this little annual contains, in addition to a calendar, much that is interesting and helpful to children. The short stories are written in a cheerful vein and will appeal to the child's heart and fancy. There is a pleasing variety of prose and poetry and some pretty pictures.

New Boys at Ridingdale. By Rev. David Bearne, S. J. Benziger Bros. Price \$0.85.

Some books can be enjoyed only after some study, while others please at first reading. The "New Boys at Ridingdale" belongs to the latter class. It is a well written story founded on modern College life, and we do not think that there is a boy living, in or out of college, who will not enjoy it.

C. SCH., '09.

The Sacramental Life of the Church, by Rev. B. J. Otten, S. J. B. Herder, Price, retail, \$0.35.

We are greatly indebted to the distinguished author of this book for various reasons. For not only are we thoroughly informed on the Sacraments, their nature and origin, but we are also favored with a thoroughly high class literary work. The truths of our holy religion concerning the Sacraments are so clearly and concisely stated that after a simple persusal we feel as if we had known little about the Sacraments before.

D. McSCH., '09.

The Gift of the King. Benziger Bros. Price \$0.60.

In this little treasure we have an excellent explanation of the Holy Sacrifice and much instruction on the significance of the sacred vessels, vestments and furniture used in the sanctuary — something of which even the adult of to-day is not so well informed. Tiny stories are interwoven to hold the child's attention. Dates and circumstances, the why and wherefore of the adoption of the vestments and vessels, and of the parts of Holy Mass are given. Written in a clear and simple style, it is of great value to the young acolyte.

R. V. W., '09.

The Guild Boys' Play at Ridingdale. By Rev. David Bearne, S. J. Benziger Bros. Price \$0.85.

Certainly a happy idea struck Father Bearne when he undertook to write that series of stories about Ridingdale; especially the story "The Guild Boys' Play at Ridingdale." Undoubtedly every youngster will read it with zest and gusto. It so happens that Mr. Ridingdale, after whom the village is named, is the squire and also a man of education and culture. He has the joy of possessing good, industrious and pious children, whose pleasure it is to be a joy to their parents. Of these two boys, George and Lawrence, are ideal boys, whom all youngsters will surely render their heroes. They are the leaders of the boys' guild, which is composed mostly of the poorest boys of the village.

Of course, with such a crowd of youngsters there are no dull moments. Apart from the interest of the story, the book will please by its lessons of charity and brotherly affection, which it so unobtrusively teaches, as well as by its cheerful Catholic spirit.

O. M., '09.

Arabella. By Anna T. Sadlier. B. Herder. Price, retail, \$0.80.

We are treated with one surprise after another when we read this book and meet with many beautiful and interesting adventures. The descriptions of the busiest streets in New

York City, the beautiful homes on Fifth Avenue, and the delightful park cannot be easily excelled. One cannot spend a happier hour than in the company of the people that move in this book. The style of this novel is very pleasing on account of its perfect simplicity and great vividness, and in my opinion this one of the very best novels written by this famous author.

H. B., '09.

The Miracles of Our Lord. Benziger Bros. Price \$0.60.

The author presents in story form the numerous miracles of Our Lord. There are also several other stories interspersed throughout the book, chiefly to make it more interesting and charming for the child's mind. Incidentally he sets forth many very wholesome lessons, and tells us to love Our Master and strive unceasingly to follow the example He has given us. The style is very simple, so as to be intelligible to any child, but it is fine reading, and the little book is made still more attractive by the beautiful illustrations.

W. C., '09.

Melor of the Silver Hand. By Rev. David Bearne, S. J. Benziger Bros. Price \$0.85.

A golden circlet set with nineteen glittering diamonds, three of them more glittering than the others, such is "Melor of the Silver Hand," a collection of nineteen short stories for children, three of them being in verse. Each one retains the interest, and, combining interest with instruction, tell us of some of the holy men of the early Church. The book is fittingly named "Melor of the Silver Hand," who is the hero of the first story. After reading these and other works by the same author, we are convinced that he will become a favorite of the home library.

CH. PF., '09.



Societies.

Columbian Literary Society. On Dec. 1, the society held a very enjoyable meeting. All interest centered in the election of officers, and the outcome bears proof of our earnest efforts in selecting able men. The following is the result of the election: President, Raphael F. Donnelly; Vice-President, Leo Faurot; Secretary, James McIntyre; Treasurer, William Hanley; Critic, Bernard Condon; Marshal, John Bankemper, assisted by Joseph Nageleisen and Henry Hipskind; Executive Committee, Linus Hildebrand, Joseph Boland and Otto Muehlenbrink; Advisory Board, Leo Faurot, Joseph Boland, Leo Spornhauer, Linus Hildebrand and Bernard Condon; Librarian, Otto Peters; Custodian of reading room, John Bennett.

Mr. E. P. Honan was with us again, and by the request of our Rev. Moderator, favored the society with an excellent criticism on the society's play rendered Thanksgiving evening.

The Columbians enjoyed the rendition of three private programs, since the last edition of the Collegian. The one of Nov. 2, however, is most noteworthy, as it showed excellent preparation on the part of the participants. These are the numbers:

Violin Solo, F. Striegel; Oration, J. McIntyre; Recitation, Geo. Hasser; Essay, V. Williams; Debate, Aff. H. Schmall, Neg. R. Kuntz; Comic Rec., A. Gerhardstein; Dramatic Sel., H. Post; Dialogue, F. Seifert and J. Kreutzer.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day, the society successfully presented the three act drama "Abbe L'Epee," before a fair sized audience.

The plot of the play is very simple, as it hinges on the restoration of the Deaf-mute, Julius, Count of Solar, to his rightful title and possessions, through the efforts of the

Abbe L'Epee, after six years of seclusion. Although the play lacked much dramatic action, still at no time was it found lagging in interest.

Mr. William Hanley, in the leading role of "Abbe L'Epee," was quite good. His voice, though at times weak, was smooth, gentle und unfaltering. and in perfect harmony with his character.

Mr. Otto Muehlenbrink in the part "Darlemont," gave evidence of strong dramatical abilities. Mr. Joseph Nagel-eisen as "St. Alme," son of "Darlemont," merits praise for dramatic action and play of feature.

Master Leon Dufrane, in the character of the Deaf-mute, was the surprise of the evening. This young gentleman merited much favor by the exact and edifying portrayal of his role.

The two lawyers, Joseph Dahlinghaus and Bernard Condon are also deserving of mention. Their discussions lacked in force, but in several respects they were good representatives of the legal profession.

Almost all the participants are to be commended for distinct articulation.

The play was excellently staged, and the musical numbers accompanying the same were well rendered.

St. Xavier German Literary Society. Dec. 3, being the feast of their Patron. the society were favored with a royal smoker, through the kindness of their Rev. Moderator, Fr. Simon. The evening was spent in general amusements, and all reported a good time.

On Dec. 7, the following staff of officers was elected: President, Albert Scherieb; Vice-President, Fred Lippert; Secretary, J. Tekath; Critic, Frank Striegel; Librarian, Albert Gerhardstein; Marshal, Otto Koerper; Executive Com., Fred Lippert, Linus Hildebrand and Theodore Koenn; Advisory Board, Bernard Condon, James McIntyre, Richard Kuntz, Fred Lippert and Frank Striegel.

The Marian Sodality. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Sodality met in honor of their holy Queen. Solemn High-Mass was celebrated by Fr. Ildephonse Rapp, and a sermon delivered by Fr. Titus Kramer. After Mass a class of sixty-two members were enrolled as sodalists; after which the "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin" was recited, followed by the chanting of the Magnificat.

Our Rev. Moderator Fr. Meinrad Koester addressed the new members in a few words, expressing the hope that they would ever remain faithful children of Mary.

Following are the names of the new members: Raymond Steffel, Dennis Moran, Lawrence Fieley, Anthony Elsaesser, August Kistner, Seraphim Reichert, Leo Walker, Robert Stover, Michael Coughlin, Alois Mantey, August Griscris, Charles Swartz, Louis Horn, Albert Henneberger, Francis Swartz, Otto Stallkamp, Joseph Kraft, Albert Zink, Paul Froning, John Kreutzer, Fred Beerman, William Sullivan, Robert Mulvaney, Charles Leising, Fred Coffield, Clarence Burkhard, Otto Peters, Otto Mueller, Rupert Landoll, Louis Reif, Leo Dandoll, Francis Striegel, Pierre Brisse, Anthony Pax, John Berghoff, Leo Greenen, Herman Hoenigman, Francis Marcotte, Edward Stallkamp, Amadeus Hess, Leo Barr, Edward Sudhoff, Kilian Kleinhenz, John Eason, Leo Doyle, Charles Bauer, Stephen Maladey, John Manion, Guy Steppe, Philip Wawricka, Clifford Cassidy, August Halter, Leonard Trentman, John Grimmelsman, Joseph Schaeper, Conard Grathwoll, James Sheehan, Henry Rammel, Thomas Smith, Anthony Mestemaker, Joseph Kenkel, John Anheir.

St. Stanislas Altar Society. The little acolytes observed the feast of St. Stanislas on Nov. 13, in good style. High-Mass was sung by Rev. Fr. Simon Kuhnmuench, at which the society assisted in corpore. At noon they were treated to a splendid banquet, and in the evening to a good time in the Gym.

St. Joseph's College Batallion. Our Thanksgiving celebrations were very entertaining, and not least among these

was the twenty minutes exhibition drill of the College Battalion. The prediction of a grand treat made in our last number was fully realized. At nine A.M. Major Louis Nagel-eisen, assisted by Captains D. McShane, R. Donnelly and J. Boland, called their "fall in." The drill was perfectly executed and won the decided admiration of all. This was our first attempt at a Battalion Drill, and it is to be hoped that coming years will find this drill rise to the same standard of perfection.

Following this, Companies A and D gave separate exhibitions, and the latter surprised the audience. The little fellows were in excellent form, manœuvering like a machine, and Captain Joseph Nageleisen merits high honors for presenting a company of boys of such superior merit.

Aloysian Literary Society. As chronicled in our last number, the Aloysians were scheduled for a public program on Dec. 8, and in this they acquitted themselves very creditably. The program follows:

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 1. Introduction: | Orchestra. |
| 2. Recitation: "Caught in the Maelstrom," | G. Lang. |
| 3. Recitation: "Yes, I'm Guilty," | L. Dufrane. |
| 4. Duet: "Military Band," | Cassidy and Forstoefel. |
| 5. Recitation: "The Fireman's Prayer," | O. Stallkamp. |
| 6. Recitation: "Somebody's Mother," | R. Williams. |
| 7. Recitation: "Joe Striker and the Sheriff," | J. Fralich. |
| 8. Recitation: "Something Spilt," | J. Berghoff. |
| 9. Selection: | Orchestra. |
| 10. Dialogue: "The Truthful Pilot," | Copenole and
McGurren. |
| 11. Piano Solo: "Repast Band March," | C. Cassidy. |
| 12. Recitation: "Circus Clown," | G. Bertha. |
| 13. Recitation: "Face on the Bar-room Floor," | F. Shick. |
| 14. Song: | Quartet. |

Masters Francis Shick, Leon Dufrane and Richerd Williams are most worthy of commendation. Their selections were perfectly rendered, and they may be truly styled "comers."

Masters Otto Stallkamp, George Lang, J. Fralich and G. Bertha were also well at home on the stage.

Master John Berghoff succeeded in establishing a good reputation with his comical recitation, and not least deserving of credit were Messrs. Leo McGurren and Aloysius Copenolle, the comedians of the A. L. S. Their dialogue was very enjoyable. The musical selections were excellent.

Rally Jolly Smoking Club. At a meeting on Dec. 4, the club elected the following officers: President, Raphael F. Donnelly; Vice-President, Leo Faurot; Secretary, Joseph Vurpillat; Marshal, Frank Seifert.

ROLLY JOLLY MINSTRELS.

The efforts of former years to give a Minstrel always came to naught, for some reason or other. The present club, however, is determined to bring their preparations to a successful issue, and to give the students an evening of merriment on Dec. 18. Fun and laughter will make up the program, and all ye who have a touch of the "blues," be sure to come and get relieved of your troubles.



Athletics.

ON Nov. 9, our hardies, with hopes soaring high, journeyed to Chicago, there to combat with our old rivals—St. Vincent's. The weather man could not have chosen a better day for the struggle. The cool, biting air instilled the foot-ball spirit into both elevens, and an interesting contest was expected. But our fondest expectations failed to materialize, and at the end of a long drawn out battle our warriors emerged with the little end of a 62-0 score. St. Vincent's won on straight foot-ball, and only a few plays of the new game were worked by them. They made but few long runs and they gained their ground by consistent plunges through our line. The "Varsity" got away with several forward passes which netted good gains, but aside from these few spurts, our plays were broken up almost at will. Our opponent's line was impregnable, and time and again they held us for downs, and our end runs were always nipped in the bud.

S. J. C.		S. V. C.
Besinger.	R. E.	Urbain, Sherman, Quayle.
Muehlenbrink.	R. T.	Donavan.
Mulvaney.	R. G.	Bonner.
Minick (Capt.)	C.	Selby.
Froning.	L. G.	Roche.
Coughlin, Green.	L. T.	Hyjak.
Dowd, Wiese.	L. E.	Hollenger, Brennan.
Kreutzer, McGurren.	Q. B.	McCarthy, Stener.
Hasser.	R. H.	Gallavan, Obermeyer.
Pfeffer.	L. H.	Kennedy, Fox.
Dowling.	F. B.	Navin, Obermeyer.
Referee—Case. Umpire—Dr. Theobald. Field Judge—Kelly.		

The "Independent's" of Rensselaer with a reinforced line-up were our victims on Nov. 17. The game was interesting from start to finish and was cleanly played throughout. The "Varsity" machine worked splendid, and nothing seemed to

be able to stop it. McGurren at quarter-back worked the team with the skill of a veteran, and he was ably seconded by Hassser and Dowling, whose runs never failed to net a large gain. Pfeffer and Coughlin were conspicuous for their tackling and the breaking up of the Independents plays. Towards the close of the game, Dowling made one of the cleverest runs ever seen here on the gridiron. Receiving the ball from the kick off on the ten yard line, he returned it the whole length of the field, dodging and darting away from the entire Rensselaer eleven and placed it between the posts for the final touch-down. Score 26-5.

Rensselaer.		S. J. C.
Robinson.	R. E.	Besinger.
Chesnutt.	R. T.	Froning.
Plunkett.	R. G.	Coughlin.
Crosscupp.	C.	Minick (Capt.)
O. Elder.	L. G.	Mulvaney.
E. Elder, Hopkins.	L. T.	Muehlenbrink, Engbrecht.
Hardy.	L. E.	Kreutzer.
Rhoades.	Q. B.	McGurren.
Collins, E. (Capt.)	R. H.	Hassser.
Porter.	L. H.	Pfeffer.
Long.	F. B.	Dowling.
Referre—Woodsworth. Umpire—Williams. Field Judge—Nageleisen.		

The "Mystic Eleven" closed the season by defeating the Rensselaer "Juniors" on Nov. 24. The "Mystics," captained by M. Pauley, showed their superiority over Rensselaer in every stage of the game. Although outweighed, they overwhelmed the Juniors with their speedy tactics and their excellent team work. The final score was 11-0.

The Minims under the captain-ship of Fred Coffield administered several defeats to the younger Rensselaer footballists. The youngsters go into the game with the "right" spirit, and they were always up and doing to the last minutes of play. But few of the plays of the new game have passed unnoticed, and the sprightly little squad became quite proficient in the forward-pass and several others plays.

BASKET-BALL.

With the lingering echoes of Turkey day still in the air, Mgr. Williams called out the basket-ball squad, comprising some eighteen members. Since nearly all of last year's team are still here, great efforts were made to fill the few vacancies, and the choice finally fell upon the following to compose the Representative team: Geo. Hasser, L. Nageleisen, C. Pfeffer, W. Dowling, A. Besinger, J. Vurpillat, and M. Green. George Hasser was chosen as captain, and the managerial duties fell upon Vincent Williams. The efficiency of these two men is known to us all, and with their guidance the team should go through a prosperous season.

Teams have been organized by the various classes, and judging from the few games played so far the rivalry for first honors will be close.

The Minims also have entered into the game with all their wonted vim and vigor and to date have entertained us with several lively exhibitions. They made their first appearance in their new suits of cardinal and navy on Thanksgiving, when an exciting contest was played before a large audience. The "Pennants" have the old stand-bys of last year: L. Dufrane, R. Mecklenborg, G. Paradis, I. McKindley, L. McKindley, and Capt. George Bertha. The "Rivals" line up with the following: F. Coffield, C. Cassidy, J. Noonan, J. Berghoff, G. Steppe, and Capt. A. Kistner.



Localisms.

Indulgent Readers: My wishes go out to all for ^v Merry Christmas. Some of you have perhaps been dislocated, or rather located differently from what you were when I wrote you last Christmas; but as for me I am at the same old bench. Before me lie my last year's plans, partly executed. In the same heap is a number of my New Year's resolutions, the execution of which has been deferred till next year. I have almost decided to diminish the number; so many good reforms, you know, and this all takes time.

Please, do not infer that I mean we should not make a goodly member of resolutions for the new year. What I mean to say is this: Do not follow my example in the execution of them.

With best wishes for a Happy New Year
I am

Sincerely yours,
Editor in Chief.

The following list of words and their synonyms have been prepared for the new edition of the dictionary. Index of authors on right.

NEW WORD.	ENGLISH EQUIVALENT.	AUTHOR.
Cinamon blocks	cement blocks	Rammel
Dirt shovel	dust pan	Vaveritzka
Coaching a programme	prompting	Crock
Chicken granary	henery	Miller
Hard water	ice	Leising.

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John to his companions in trouble:

They call me bad, and say 'cause I lead the gang that's marked fur mischief, I so deserve to stand the brunt whenever somethin's doin'. Now you all know I had no hand in takin' Jimmie's cake. I only told you's where it was, and

stood fur jiggers at 'the door. Of course, they found that little piece in my desk; but when I told 'em that some one give it to me they laughed and laughed, and nodded their heads and winked. But that ain't the worst, fur you all know how they have hindered all our moves, thwarted our plans and marked down free afternoons fur penance in the classroom, and whot's the reason? We are boys. Haint a boy got eyes? Haint a boy got hands, organs, senses and affections? fed with the same food, hurt by the same things, warmed by the same winter and summer as men is? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If a boy wrong a prefect, what is his humility? Why, get hunc. If a prefect wrong a boy, what should his notions be by example? Why, get hunc, to be sure. The vil-lany they teach us we'll execute, and it shall go hard, but we will,——

Enter Prefect——Exeunt all.

Barret: Say, John D., give me a piece of your cake.

Rockefeller: Aw, go on! If I was to give all my friends a piece how much do you think I'd have for myself.

Barret: All of it.

Bill and Franze on Thanksgiving received a shipment C. O. D. of two dozen sour lemons!!??

John thinks there are things in this world to-day much more expensive than a "White Elephant."

Thanksgiving will e're remind us
Life is sometimes but a dream;
For there's lemons in the garden
That are not just what they seem.

Jack: Now here, fellows, let me give you a little logic. I've put in three weeks of arduous study in that line, and I think I can show you the fundamental cause of all this.....

And anon, amidst the music of his snoring he proceeded to recite:

'Alone, alone, all all alone,
Alone on the wide wide sea;
And never a man took pity on
My soul in agony.'

A. Is that voice not sweet, e'en as that of an angel?

B. Yes, it's, Hank, angelic little creature.

Don't forget that Harvey's got next on your potatoes!

Turnips very much improve the complexion. Ask Dan about it.

On Monday, Nov. 32, Ritz was solemnly initiated into the 'Smoker's Club.'

Hank: "Blame it, I cant sing at all to-day!"

Mac: "Hard luck! No doubt, a great misfortune."

Fritz: "Not quite, you heard Burkhardt laughing."

Prof: "Who was Solon?"

Otto: (Slightly mixed.) "He was a king of the Jews, and the wisest man that ever lived."

Meiering: "Bauer, did you see that joke in the Collegian about you?"

Bauer: (Innocently:) "Dat does not mean mich, dat was for somebody von der udder side of de house."

Prof: What is the German word for watch-dog?

Manion: Uhrhund.

I thought I was a poet,
One fine bright summer day;
I thought that I would show it,
And write a poem straightway.

Soon finished was each verse,
I thought it was just fine;
It was so nice and terse,
Alas, what woe was mine!

It had a red mark here,
It had another there;
No place for e'en a tear,
Was on that page left bare.

Then pride I bade farewell;
I now speak quietly,
Quite mindful how I fell,
From heights of poesy.

L. S.